MISHAP MAG

2026.1

BAND´S BEST FRIEND

A BEGINNER´S GUIDE
TO DOG ROCK

ROAD WORK:

ATTACK DOG
GOES SOUTH

MECHNICAL CANINE´S
TOP 5 GAS STATIONS

& MORE!

THE DOG ISSUE

WORDS, SHAPES, PICS
DANNY MCGILL

"GIVE IT UP FOR THE PUP"
SPIKE BEAGLE

TOP 5 GAS STATIONS
MECHANICAL CANINE
@MECHK9

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ALL THE BANDS, JIMMY DUES, IVY, SOLOMON, GRANT, BRINDAN, GABBO AND THE DMV CREW, SAM, NESS, WALLACE, ROBYN, CLAIRE, WEST SMITH, LEXI, COLE, AND ALICIA

I WANT YOU
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Nothing Worth Loving Isn't Askew

We live in an era where all facets of life are being reconfigured for ruthless efficiency. Craftsmanship is being replaced by automation. Art is being subsumed by content. Skill is being discarded for churn and disposal. Every new creation exists to make an algorithm happy, or erase workload, or help fulfill some quarterly projection. We're reaching a point where all the divots and cavities of our lives are being scrubbed away to deposit us as a perfectly smooth piece into a giant machine process, and our fuel is other smooth pieces which we consume thoughtlessly, and we continue to smooth-in-smooth-out endlessly until any impressions we once made, or any impressions made on us, are gone entirely.

On a personal level, it drives me up the fucking wall. I've watched creative and ingenious people begin to attune their whole lives to some sort of digital metric, and I've seen morons of the highest degree win engagement and income by simply playing to the mean. I'm not saying I don't get it; at times, I've been there too. Oh how nice it would be to have a street interview take of mine go viral, or have a tweet get sold into a screenplay, or create a meme that gets turned into a Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade float, or whatever bullshit gets you repped by CAA these days. I'm not even saying these things are bad (CAA, call me), but to build your life's work around an outcome like that is so… wasteful. We should be doing things because *we love it*. And the things we love doing should *reflect us*.

Bob Ross (yeah, I know) said "We don't make mistakes, we have happy accidents" and that saying has often been stamped onto magnets, coffee mugs, and bumper stickers, usually found on the same shelf as "Coexist" or "Proud of my Honor Roll Student." His point, though, about there being only **Happy Accidents** shouldn't be reduced to some trite comment, making an at-home hobbyist painter feel better; it's a reflection of understanding about artists and art itself: it's not perfect. Every living cell bears a mutation. Every tree has a crooked branch. Every person has a scar, or missing tooth, or trick elbow. This is what makes art interesting, and people beautiful: the imperfections and the idiosyncrasies.

I'm obviously not the first to express any of these sentiments. In fact, this whole rant is rather unoriginal. But, I wanted to share why I made this. This publication(?) is an attempt to celebrate those things: the weird, the warped, the messy, the imperfect, and in that, the beautiful, the fascinating, and the exhilerating. Talking about things that are a little scuffed, but really cool. I'm not going to pretend I have a strong "editorial voice" or that there's even a "central philosophy" to this. I don't want to think too far ahead. I don't want to have a goal. This magazine probably won't be "successful", and I'm fine with that. I don't want it to be efficient, or marketable, or even make too much sense, and I sure as shit don't want it to make money. I just want to make something I think is fun, and showcases people or things that are imperfect in ways that make me love them more. Hopefully you find that here too: something misshapen and broken, but in a way that fits you just right.

Anyway. Welcome to Mishap Magazine.

- Danny

GIVE IT UP FOR THE PUP

BY SPIKE BEAGLE.

NEVER HAD A DOG GROWING UP. PARENTS DIDN'T LIKE THEM, SO IT WAS A NON-STARTER. GRANDPARENTS HAD A COUPLE OF ANCIENT ONES OF A COMPLETELY INDISCRIMINATE BREED. THESE THINGS WERE LIKE BUG-EYED FUCKIN' ALIENS. WISH THAT I HAD A PICTURE OF THEM TO INCLUDE IN THIS SOMEWHERE BUT NO ONE WANTED TO DOCUMENT THESE STAINS. UNDENIABLY, THESE GREMLINS HAVE PERSISTED AS THE SOURCE OF NUMEROUS NIGHTMARES I HAD THROUGHOUT A RESTLESS RUN OF DECADES.

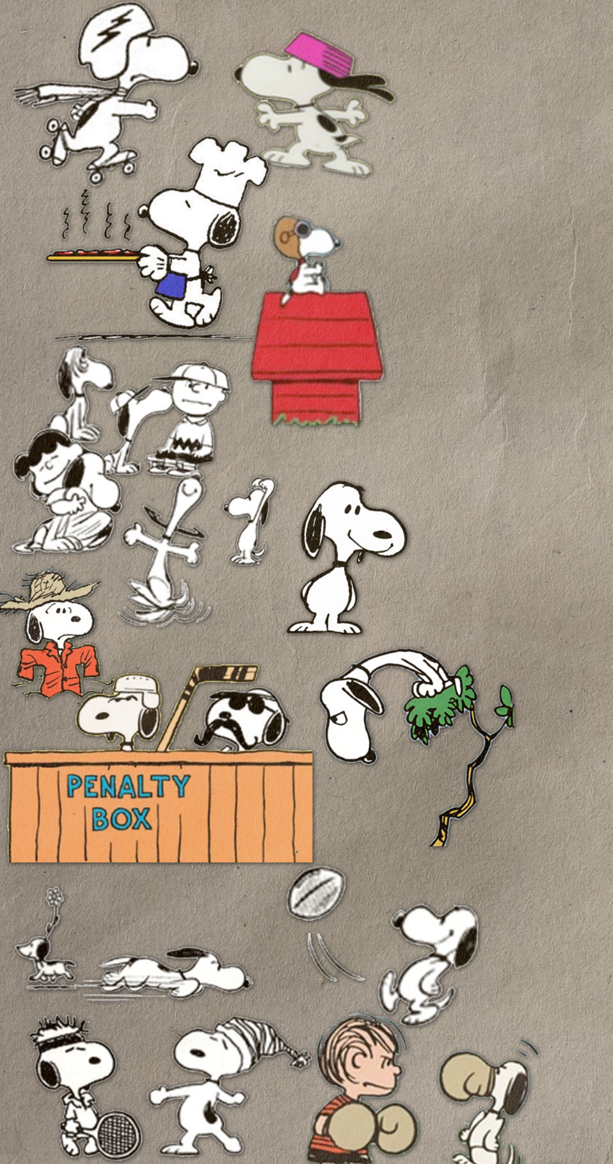
TRUTH BE TOLD, I WAS REALLY MORE OF A WOODSTOCK GUY WHEN I WAS GROWING UP. NOT TO SAY THAT I DIDN'T ALSO LIKE SNOOPY, BUT I THINK I SHARED A FRIZZY HAIRED BROTHERHOOD WITH THIS LITTLE YELLOW BIRD. AND TO HIS FAVOR OVER THE DOG: WOODSTOCK CAN ACTUALLY FLY, SOMETHING SNOOPY ONLY CAN DREAM OF DOING. IT'S EXACTLY THAT THOUGH. THE ABILITY TO DREAM. THAT'S ONE OF THE THINGS I LOVE SO MUCH ABOUT SNOOPY. YOU CANNOT TELL THIS MOTHERFUCKER THAT HE ISN'T FLYING THE HIGH SKIES OF WWI. THAT'S HOW WHIMSICAL THIS DOG IS.

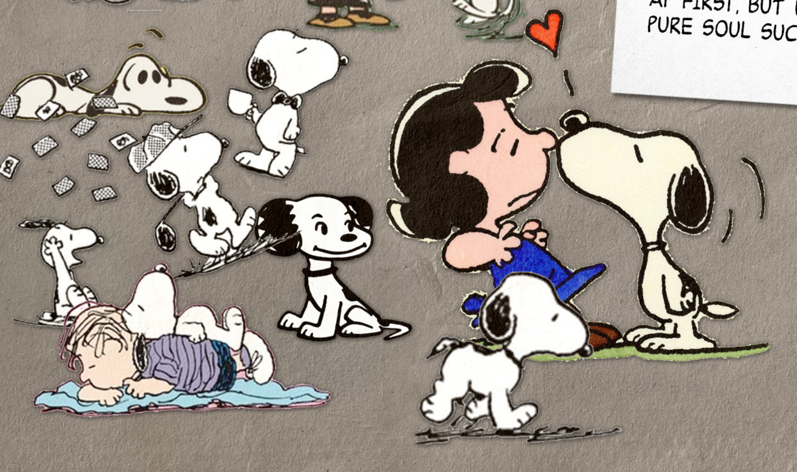
IF THAT WEREN'T ENOUGH, HE'S ALSO GOT AN EXTENSIVE FAMILY TREE. IF YOU'RE EVER HAVING A SHITTY DAY, FIND SOME CARTOON CHARACTER'S WIKI PAGE AND JUST START CLICKING ON RANDOM COUSINS. IT'S NOT GONNA FIX WHATEVER'S BOTHERING YOU BUT YOU'LL GET TO SEE A BUNCH OF STUPID BULLSHIT THAT'LL KEEP YOU DISTRACTED FOR AT LEAST A COUPLE MINUTES, BEST CASE SCENARIO A COUPLE OF HOURS. ANYWAY, GO CHECK OUT SPIKE AND OLAF. THOSE ARE MY FAVORITE RELATIVES OF SNOOPY BUT HONESTLY THEY'RE ALL GOOD. THEY HAVE A FAMILY BAND TOO. ADORABLE.

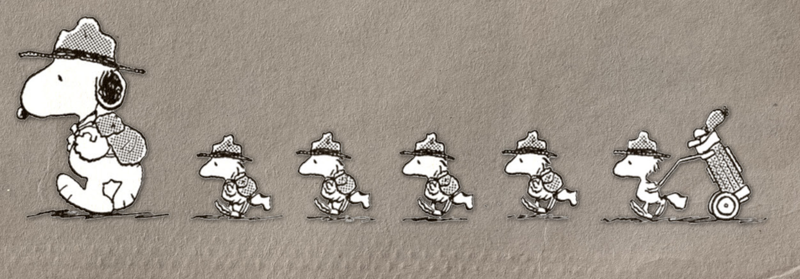
I LOVE THE IMAGE OF SNOOPY ON TOP OF THE DOGHOUSE, BUT STRUGGLE TO IMAGINE HOW WIDE THE ROOF REALLY HAS TO BE FOR HIM TO BE DOING ALL OF THAT. IF SOMEONE COULD PLEASE DRAW UP SOME BLUEPRINTS OR CALCULATE SOME DIMENSIONS FOR THAT, I WOULD MAYBE READ IT. LIKE IF I HAD PLANS THAT GOT CANCELLED AND I COULDN'T FIND ANYTHING ELSE TO DO. IT WOULD BE LIKE A COUPLE OF MINUTES DISTRACTION WHILE I LET SOMETHING BURN ON THE STOVETOP. A GRILLED CHEESE OR SOMETHING. COULD BE INTERESTING.

JOE COOL. FLYING ACE. FLASHBEAGLE. THE REASON THAT SO MANY CAN RELATE TO SNOOPY IS HIS ROLE OF "THE DREAMER" WITHIN THE CONTEXT OF THE PEANUTS UNIVERSE. WHILE OTHERS LIKE LINUS AND PIGPEN FIND THEMSELVES TRAPPED WITHIN THE COMFORTS OF THEIR OWN FILTH, THE ADMIRABLE PUP ACCLIMATES HIMSELF TO ANY NEW ENVIRONMENT WITH A LEVEL OF CASUALNESS THAT COMICS HADN'T SEEN SINCE THE EARLY DAYS OF GASOLINE ALLEY. HE'LL PUT ON A LITTLE CHEF HAT SOMETIMES AND WHIP UP AN ICE CREAM SUNDAE THAT HE CAN EAT IN LIKE FIVE BITES.

THERE'S THAT ONE EPISODE OF FREAKS AND GEEKS WHERE LINDA CARDELLINI SMOKES WEED FOR THE FIRST TIME AND GETS SO PARANOID THAT SHE BELIEVES HER WHOLE REALITY IS ACTUALLY THE DREAM OF A SLEEPING DOG. I CAN'T REALLY REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED IN THE REST OF THAT EPISODE DURING THE B-PLOT BUT IT WAS PROBABLY SOMETHING LIKE BUSY PHILLIPS HUFFS RUBBER CEMENT WITH SETH ROGEN WHILE A FOGHAT NEEDLEROP PLAYS IN THE BACKGROUND. LIKE MAYBE "FOOL FOR THE CITY". I DIGRESS… TO BE THE FIGMENT OF A DOG'S THOUGHTS MAY ALARM AT FIRST, BUT WE SHOULD BE SO LUCKY TO BE CONJURED FROM THE MIND OF A PURE SOUL SUCH AS SNOOPY. JUST MY TWO CENTS, AT LEAST.







ROAD WORK

ATTACK DOG

ALIVE IN THE SOUTH

"IT FEELS LIKE that's what the whole tour has been culminating toward [New Orleans]," says John Duesler, one of Attack Dog's duo of guitarists, often spotted wearing a knit… I don't know, I guess it's like a bucket hat? "It's a hat. Straight up," he later says over a dinner, "It's almost like a safety blanket… it kinda grounds me."

And as we're standing outside of Mid City Ballroom in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, the night before the band goes to New Orleans, you'd never guess any of them seemed anything other than completely in their element.

As the band took the stage in front of a small audience, probably fifteen or so, it's as if a mental barrier springs up around them, and the size of the audience, or the room, no longer matter. Paul Mangan, sporting a button down shirt and a cheesy smile, standing up front, center stage-right, bobs his head as thumbs his bass to the beat that drummer Brandon Washburn, with flowing dark hair that barely kisses the collar of his t-shirt, is laying out. John, far stage-right, stands almost statuesque, Gibson SG up high like a rifleman standing at attention, strums a response. Dylan Michael, shorts and a t-shirt from some tourist location you'd probably never visit, seemingly paces back and forth several times, checking pedals, taking a sip of water, hopping off stage to grab something, then finally picking up his guitar, stage-left, and joining in to complete the fourpiece.

They go from tuning up, and sound checking, seamlessly and confusingly into the obligatory "five minute jam" that precedes every Attack Dog set, according to James Duesler, John's brother. The audience looks around, unsure if the set has started, but the band pays them no mind.

Nearly on a dime, it switches. Drum pattern shifts, strumming changes, and Dylan approaches the mic. Their first number, "Minesite", is, for an Attack

Dog song, fairly subdued. Maybe they're giving the audience a false sense of security.
Seemingly over just as quick as it started, the first song trails off, and Dylan approaches the mic again.

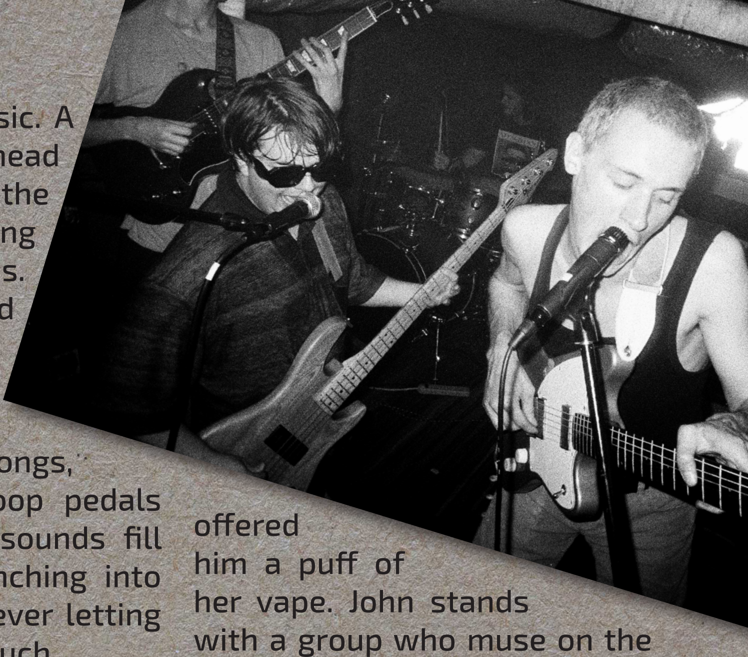
"Let's get the boring part of the show over with- We don't have a place to stay tonight," he informs the audience.

Paul chimes in from the opposite side, "We're from Philadelphia."

"Let me stay at your place," Dylan continues, "especially if you have rich parents."

Then, with a quick head nod as a signal, the amps wail with a hurried riff as the band plays "Web" from their recently released album *Remastered 2009.*

They play heavier. The crowd draws closer. One listener, late teens or earlier twenties, looks at a friend and mouths "what the fuck" as his mouth hangs in a stupefied, agape smile, bobbing his head to the music. A middle-aged metalhead is head-banging to the side while balancing a beer in his hands. On stage, the band hardly even looks out ahead.
They barely, if ever, chat between songs, preferring to let loop pedals and washy reverb sounds fill the gaps, then launching into the next number, never letting the energy die too much.



Post-set, the merch table draws a line. Newly captured fans ask about cuts and sizes. Several approach band members to compliment them on the performance. Paul seeks out an audience member who, earlier in the night, had kindly offered him a puff of her vape. John stands with a group who muse on the identity of man in a photograph, spot-lit and wearing a fedora.

Dylan proudly announces later that they only have six tapes left for the whole tour, having started with twenty-five. He offers me a pair of Attack Dog branded gym shorts several times.

I decline. They're nice, but I am really not a gym shorts guy. Post-set, the merch table draws a line. Newly captured fans ask about cuts and sizes. Several approach band members to compliment them on the performance. Paul seeks out an audience member who, earlier in the night, had kindly offered him a puff of her vape. John stands with a group who muse on the identity of man in a photograph, spot-lit and wearing a fedora. Dylan proudly announces later

that they only have six tapes left for the whole tour, having started with twenty-five. He offers me a pair of Attack Dog branded gym shorts several times.

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As the crowd thins out to zero, there were no rich parents to be found. The boys shrug their shoulders, pack up the car, and ride off generally in the direction of New Orleans, scanning for a hotel along the way.

IMAGINE being in a bathroom while a hot shower is running. You aren't standing in the shower, you're just standing next to it as the bathroom fills with steam, making your clothes feel like heavy, moist towels. Also, the bathroom is probably disorganized, and gross, and moldy. Also also, there's probably a noisy neighbor you can hear listening to talk-radio through the walls.

That's what New Orleans feels like, especially today, when Attack Dog is playing. It's been raining off and on, in waves and torrents: lighting, downpour, fifteen minutes of stifling heat, then downpour again; like meat being taken out of the oven, basted, and shoved right back in.None of that dissuades the guys even one bit. Before the show, they'd hit several spots on Bourbon Street, including being an ecstatic audience to a free jazz show at Fritzel's Bar. The experience leads John to text me, asking "is everything here free!?" It's likely in jest, but a jazz show for the price of a $4 drink is a pretty great deal.

I meet them outside of No Dice, the rebranded, reopened reincarnation of a long-running music venue and cabaret bar in New Orleans' Faubourg Marigny neighborhood. Paul arrives in a screen printed tourist shirt; green, with yellow and purple short sleeve cuffs, bearing an image of a feathered carnival mask and the text "Mardi Gras, New Orleans".

"Yeah, I bought it in Florida," Paul admits with a chuckle.

The crowd at No Dice, when I arrive, is filling in nicely. The venue is essentially a glorified box, with the stage at the front and the bar off to the side. In its age, I've seen it packed for acts that, frankly, deserved a bigger venue. I've also been there on nights when the bands outnumber the bar patrons. Tonight, though, a decent group has developed, some even completely unaware that there was a rock show planned.

The first act up, New Orleans indie-pop act Just Kidding, gives the show a smooth, bouncy intro. The crowd standing close to the front rocks back and forth to the music, fun earworms with trading vocalists. With the exception of having two vocalists, it probably couldn't have been a bigger contrast from the musical stylings of Attack Dog.

In the time between sets, as the bands rotate stage space, some barely identifiable metal music leaks from muffled house speakers, the hard edge of the song cutting against the recently finished act who is busy clearing their gear from the venue.

"I wish the music was a little more like this," Corbin Lee, a shaggy, bearded audience member, remarks to the person next to him. He's in luck.

Just before the Attack Dog set commences, some of the audience there for the first act filter out, in a routine that the boys in the band have dubbed the "hotel breakfast" effect. Still, as the sound starts to emanate from the raised stage, and the familiar routines take shape: Washburn's kit bouncing away, Mangan bobbing and swaying, Duesler standing at attention with his neck craned over the body of his guitar, and Michael pacing between checkpoints of the floor, the green room, and the stage.

Then the song kicks in. Attack Dog's music is not something you usually hum to. In its subdued moments, it's catchy and driving, and when it hits a fever pitch, it screams at you like a melodic DEFCON alarm. The audience, previously swaying, quickly throw their heads forward and back violently, some even offering more frantic limb tosses.

This is the kind of music that often generates crowded mosh pits in Philadelphia basements.

Paul turns his back to the stage, leg up on the kick drum. Dylan alternates between whole body flailing and leaping strikes of his guitar as he throws himself to various positions in his pocket of the stage. Both immediately retake composure at the mic moments before any vocal part arrives that would require them to be stationary and compliant.

In the crowd, Veronika Lee, a frequent contributor to New Orleans' OffBeat magazine and DelCo native, moves from her position at the back of the bar to in front of the stage to take a video.

She turns and yells into my ear, "I love them! They're so cute!"

Seated off at a bar stool, a man in a Fugazi shirt lets out a mirthful laugh and clap as Dylan screams into the microphone while pushing it into the floor so it now rests at knee height, leaving Mangan to finish off "Fisticuffs" being the only person fully facing the crowd. After each number, the somewhat shocked crowd's applause grows louder and more enthusiastic.

"We're Attack Dog, from Philadelphia," Dylan reminds the audience into the microphone, "We've got one more song. Thank you so much."

The band gives each other a glance, launching into their last song, "Second Skin." Corbin, now enthusiastic about the night's turn toward heavier music, turns to his right and flashes a grin as the song's infectious main riff rings from the amps.

"What's the name of that last song?" he asks after the show, "I wanna go home and learn that."

"I get what you mean when you say they're 'annoyingly good,'" says Solomon Jupiter, referencing a conversation I'd had with him before the show, "They're so good, and they make it look so easy. They're having fun."

The four on stage finish with a simple nod, and another thank you, before quickly clearing the way. Dylan jumps off the stage in a hurry to land at the merch table for the impressed New Orleanians who want to finance the group's trip home.

After the show, the band hangs outside, splitting off to talk to the spectators and bar patrons. Dylan stands with a group smoking cigarettes by a picnic table. John and Paul leisurely load things back into the car, with John pausing for a moment to strip his sweat covered shirt off and changing into something a little more breathable. Brandon sits at the bar, seemingly decompressing while scrolling on his phone.

John and Paul enter a group conversation with Solomon and his friends Charles and Emily. Compliments flow pretty effusively.

"That's what I needed. Y'all brought that energy," Charles remarks to Paul and the newly re-shirted John.

As the show is wrapping up, with the final band, shoegaze trio Across Phoenix, finishing their set inside, someone in the group suggests going to another bar. The band's only condition is it needs to have a pool table.

"How about Holy Diver?" suggests Emily, referring to a punk bar right up the road, which holds one of the world's most inconveniently cramped red-felted pool tables. The circle quickly agrees, and the newly expanded group of eight takes the couple minute drive down St. Claude to meet again at the new location, where the bouncers impress to the incoming guests that there is a one-drink minimum.

"Only two of us drink," Dylan tells me, "and it's mostly me."

The rest of the band orders soda or canned water. It could be that they just want to keep their competitive advantage when the game of pool starts, as the band quickly reveals themselves to be fierce competitors, taking their bouts at the table equally seriously and jovially, often offering each other strategic advice and teasing compliments.

The group chats for hours in between more non-alcoholic drinks and asking the bartender for more quarters for the pool table. Solomon and Charles leave first. Then Emily, and myself. On my way out, they're asking me about any plans I might have for tomorrow. I list a few spots I plan to visit, before turning the question to them, asking what they want to do while in town. What do they even like to do?

"You're looking at it," Dylan says, watching Paul lean in, after discussing the best way to bank the shot and not scratch. "We've been trying to play pool in every city."

By the time I leave, around 1:30 AM, the band is still racking up another game.

When I hear from the band the following afternoon, it was as if they had been locked in stasis, unchanged from the previous night.

"Fahy's Irish Pub. 50¢ pool," Dylan informs me over text.

Already being spitting distance to the French Quarter, I head over to meet them. By the time I arrive, they've made fast friends with the bartender, Ron, who they are already on a first name basis with, as well as a handful of other bar patrons. They make random conversation with people who float into their orbit, but for the most part, they are off to the side, yet again focused on billiards, with the same team divisions that they play almost every time: Mangan and Michael vs. Duesler and Washburn.

This is the only real, scheduled off-day they've had all tour (well, except for a day early on in North Carolina where they stopped to see Neil Young in concert), and to nobody's real surprise in the group, they slept in late and spent their first few waking hours playing more pool in another divey bar.

"We got home around 3 AM last night," John tells me when I return from ordering my own drink at the bar, "but we didn't really go to sleep."

"John and I stayed up late playing acoustic guitar at the hotel bar till like, 6 AM," Paul follows up, "I could see the sun start to come up."

The group is happy to simply not be part of the scramble. Over the last week, they'd had three shows either fall through or outright cancel on them: Atlanta, Tallahassee, and Mobile. In each location, they took to Instagram, asking anyone who might be watching if they could play somewhere else, or crash on a couch, anything to get them to the next day, where hopefully the show they were promised wouldn't unravel. Each of their posts expressed a repeated statement: we'll play anywhere.

"I'll drive six hours for a show. If there's something, I'll drive anywhere," Dylan says when he checks into an impromptu Instagram Live stream with music-centric content creator Pat Finnerty, who'd reached out to the band following their multiple posts about shows getting cancelled.

Dylan had met Finnerty by chance before an Attack Dog set during 2nd Street Festival in Philadelphia. Dylan, already a fan of Finnerty's YouTube channel, approached him to pay his compliments after recognizing him in the crowd."I always thought I'd meet him. It's just one of those things you have a feeling will happen," Dylan tells me, "I said hey to him, and told him we were on next. And then he actually watched the whole thing."

"I was like, 'Is your band gonna be good?' and you were like 'Nah,'" Pat says on the livestream, chuckling as he recalls Dylan's tongue-in-cheek modesty, before saying he heard them playing in the background later, "...like, I'm hearing another riff that I like, and then I'm hearing another riff that I like, and I'm like 'fuck I gotta watch this band.'"

"He actually texted us. He felt bad about the tour," Dylan discloses to me as Brandon lines up a shot at the pool table, "We got like 200 followers from that. It was like, 10% of our whole number. I've never had a reaction that big."

After the livestream, the band was able to find a show to replace the cancelled Mobile show, playing on a mix of borrowed equipment from locals, and they were able to continue onward the following day with a little more optimism than they'd had earlier in the week. They refuse to let morale drop.

Only moments after Dylan tells me about Pat Finnerty, the bar stereo begins to play "Fire on the Mountain" by The Grateful Dead, and they clap in response.

"Yeah, Ron!" one of them shouts to the bartender they'd been chatting with about The Dead about a half-hour ago, and they wave goodbye to a middle-aged woman who was, seemingly, being assisted out of the bar in her inebriated state by her friends.

"Bye Katie; you're leaving us so soon," Dylan calls out to her as he waves, riding the line between teasing her and earnestly sad to see her go.

"Will you remember me?" she calls back as she's led out the door, wearing the kind of playful smile only a drunken older woman can give you, and maybe would only feel comfortable giving you inside of a New Orleans dive bar.

The evening rolls on, and the conversation shifts from jam bands, to slang words they have to teach me, and at some point another group of middle aged women comes in and asks Dylan if he can dance with the Birthday Girl to a song playing over the radio, and he obliges as if he'd never been happier to do anything in his life. He does his best attempt at a slow dance, and even tries to lead her to a little spin. The rest of the band finds this endlessly entertaining, and Paul tries to get a video of it. That might be why Attack Dog garners such a positive reputation in Philly's DIY scene, outside of their musical performance: they have a pluckiness and contagious good nature that's hard to deny. If they feel that you're a kindred spirit, they'll treat you like they've known you for a millenia. Across the afternoon, Paul needles me about my love life; John and Brandon tell me how cool they think my dad is (who they happened to meet at their show in Alabama); Dylan helps a woman at the hotel with her bags and, upon finding out the suitcase is lighter than he thought, he jokingly holds it above his head like a strong man, and offers to maybe just throw it up to the second story, directly into her room.

Around 6:45, we finally make it to Neyow's Creole Café, a restaurant specializing in Louisiana Creole cuisine, where Dylan had come on a previous family vacation.

"The potato salad changed my life," he tells us no less than three times.Quickly, the table is filled with a mix of fried chicken, red beans and rice, corn bread, sweet potatoes, gumbo, French fries, and of course, the aforementioned, destiny altering potato salad.

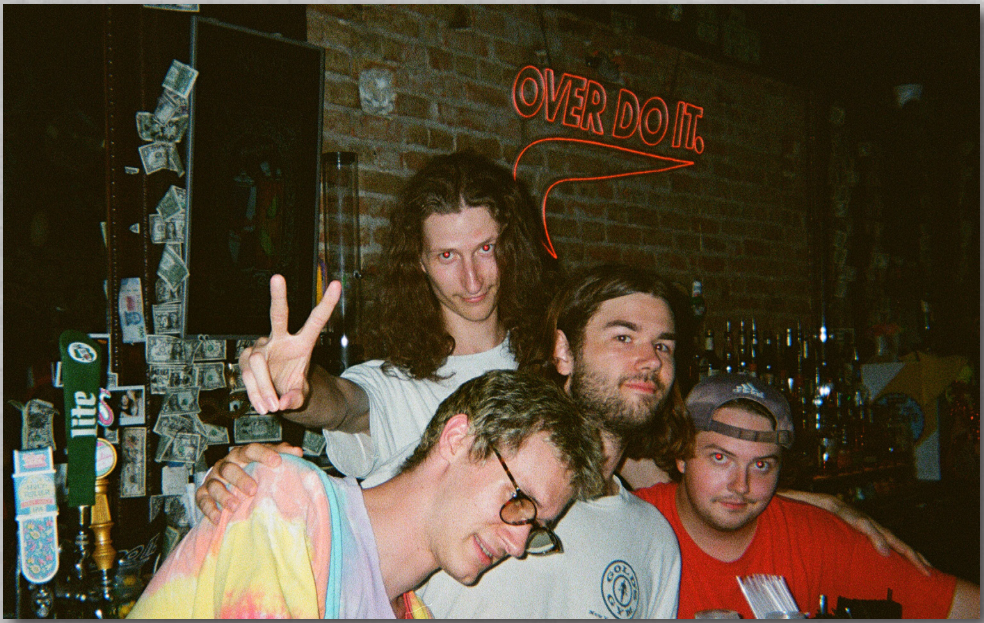
"This feels like the first meal of tour," Mangan says, splitting a cup of gumbo with Washburn, expressing the relief of not having a time limit on the meal before they were whisked off to another venue to set up, play, and possibly beg for lodging before passing out again.

"I actually haven't bought any food all tour," Brandon proclaims proudly, "I saved my whole budget so I could spend it all here in New Orleans. I've mostly been eating their leftovers," he said, pointing to Paul and John.

When the check comes, the amount of food still left on the table between us, enough for a couple boxes, shows the validity of Washburn's strategy, especially in a hotel room that, they inform me, doesn't have a refrigerator.

After that, another trip to another local haunt, where a pool table luckily sits in back. By the time I leave them, around midnight, they're still trying to quickly finish a game before the bar closes in ten minutes.

I get a message at 1:52 AM: a photo of the boys posing behind the bar at some other local watering hole, in front of a neon sign parodying the trademark Nike Swoosh, now inverted, and bearing the text "Over Do It."



The following morning, before they embark to Lafayette, Louisiana for another show, we meet at Zimmer's Seafood so that they can get one last poboy and an order of boudin balls. When I get there, they've already started eating; sandwich wrappers half discarded and glass bottled Barq's root beers perched on the window sill.

"That might be the best sandwich I've ever had in my life," Brandon says, as he finishes off his shrimp poboy.

"This is probably my favorite city we've ever been on tour," Paul says, as leans against the brightly painted wall.

"This or Montreal. They're very close," John agrees, "Montreal is very European. New Orleans is… something different."

Paul, who has been carrying around a disposable film camera through the tour, asks if I could take a photo of them in front of the grocery store fish counter, filled with a mix of boiled crab and prepared tilapia. There's a line in front of it, but a quick ask of the folks lined up, and they gladly move out of the way.

"Who am I to keep you from having a good time?" says a man with a heavy y'at accent, tickled pink at the idea of a group photo in a seafood store. But there's no malice or venom in it; the people of New Orleans love a display of earnest and curious behavior, especially if that can spin-off into a long, tangential conversation about nearly anything. In New Orleans, everyone is a friend you just don't know yet.

"It's easier to talk to people here," Brandon expresses, as we exit the small counter service building.

"Yeah, in Philly, sometimes it seems like people want to you to leave them alone," Paul replies, "I don't know. I love people. I like talking to them."

John holds the door open for an older woman leaving with a bag of boiled crab, and as if on cue, Dylan instantly strikes up a conversation with the woman's daughter, probably in her forties, who informs him that she just moved back to New Orleans from Cleveland. He invites her to come to Philadelphia and 'let him know' if she wants to grab a cheesesteak. She laughs and says she will.

We shuffle over to the cars in the gravel lot. The band says they plan to head back to Fahy's for a few more hours of fifty-cent pool before they leave the city, and I'm welcome to join them. I decline, but I appreciate it nonetheless.

We climb into our vehicles after a moment of goodbyes and farewells. I check my phone, looking through a few missed messages, not really paying attention, before I turn to see, out my window, they're parked next to me, all of them crowded into the front seats of their red SUV, staring at me through the passenger window.

I roll down my window. They roll down their window. Halfway. Then I hear Paul say to Dylan.

"Roll the window back up."

And they leave me hanging, as their window rolls back up, and I'm left seeing them chuckle at me from behind the glass.

I can't even be mad.
They got my ass.

ZIMMER SEAFOOD
SOFT CRABS
Trout
Oysters
BRICKYARD 400

MECHANICAL CANINE's
TOP 5 GAS STATIONS / TRUCK STOPS

Any band that has toured can tell you a majority of your time on the road, after driving and maybe sleeping, is spent at gas stations. And any band who spends a significant amount of time touring will absolutely develop their own strong opinions about the assortment of chain gas stations and truck stops they encounter. After some discussion amongst ourselves, we picked our top five favorites.

#5: Loaf N' Jug

Do you need a loaf? Do you need a jug? Do you need anything else? Good, because they have most things. Our first time at a Loaf N' Jug, the cashier asked us why we were there. We told him we were just passing through, and he replied, "Why?" His confusion taught me a valuable lesson. Life should be simple and easily answerable. All you really need is a loaf and a jug.

GAS
WELCOME TO
SNACKS
JB's
DIES
STOP N'
DRI
604

#4: JB's Stop-N-Shop

Why does Jaylen Brown have a Stop-N-Shop? Why is it in Medicine Bow, Wyoming? Who knows. They don't even have regular 87 gas, but they do have great service with a smile, and that'll take you a lot farther in life than a full tank of gas will.

#3. FL Welcome Center *(w/ Free OJ)

Some states have better welcome centers and rest stops than others, but if you go to the right ones in FL, they'll give you a free cup of genuine Florida Orange Juice. They also have baby alligators and fruit samples. Sometimes, they'll even refill your cup if you ask nicely and pretend to be excited about Florida…

IOWA 80
WORLD'S LARGEST TRUCKSTOP

#2. World's Largest Truck Stop

On I-80, between Chicago and Iowa City, lives the World's Largest Truck Stop. They have all the usual convenience store items, plus a fun mini mall of trucking goods, plus a bunch of fast food spots. We've stopped there nearly every time we've passed it, but now that I'm thinking about it: I don't think we've ever actually gotten gas. Still rocks though.

#1. Love's Travel Stop

When you're traveling, it's nice to have something familiar and consistent. Enter: Love's Travel Stops. They're all over the place, and they're almost all exactly the same. I mean that in the best way possible. They're usually pretty clean and have some sort of food place attached. They also tend to have better bathrooms than most other options.

#LovesWins

Honorable Mentions:

Kum & Go (Defunct, 1959-2025)

DANNY'S FIVE ALBUMS OF 2025

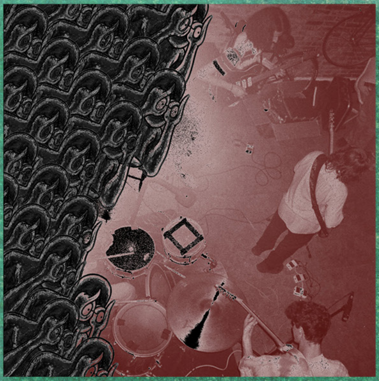
(T-T)b
BEAUTIFUL EXTENSION CORD

Beautiful Extension Cord - (T-T)b - April 4, 2025

I don't think I've ever been a bigger evangelist for a band than I have been for (T-T)b. And, if you know much about me, you'd know that it only makes sense. Slacker rock revival with a chiptune flourish? For a guy whose entire young adulthood was spent on emulation forums, that sounds about right. In (T-T)b's case though, their novelty belies incredible, sincere songwriting. Eschewing the expectations one might have for a band whose second guitar is an NES, there is no lines about 80s nostalgia, computer gimmicks, or juvenile recollections of high school romances gone wrong. Instead, we're gifted a melodic, noisy, heartfelt expedition through stoned insecurities, daily catastrophizing, dream analysis, mourning the family dog, and other inevitabilities of unstoppable aging. Beautiful Extension Cord might have the skin of online oddity, but underneath is one of best rock records I have ever heard.

Remastered 2009 - Attack Dog - April 11, 2025

Obviously, I wrote a whole article about these guys, so you'd assume I like them a decent amount. The first time I listened to this album, though, I'll be completely honest, I didn't get it at all. It didn't really compute in my head till I saw Attack Dog play in the basement at Over Yonder, a now-closed basement venue in Philly, and I saw the crowd warp into a frantic mass of synchronized flailing. Now, every head-banging beat and urgent noodling of guitar is seared into my brain.



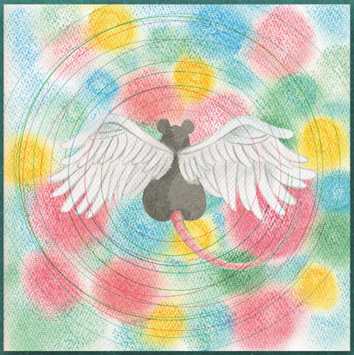
ARMBITE
DAWG ROCK
VOL. 1

dawg rock vol. 1 - armbite - October 10, 2025

Emo fans rejoice! Philadelphia continues to pump out the most ear catching entries in the genre. armbite's 2025 entry, dawg rock vol. 1, mixes lyrics crafted for screaming along to in your car with riffs you can't help but bob your head to. Perfect for either a night in the pit or eating a slice of pizza while playing Tony Hawk's Underground.

It's So Nice In Here, Don't You Think So? - Moon By Moon - July 11, 2025

Moon By Moon's first full length LP is a delight for fans of indie records of a seemingly bygone era. A dirth of mellow acoustic guitar backed by Simon and Garfunkel-esque duo vocals calls to mind the work of late 2000's indie pop darlings LAKE. Balancing that are a handful of diversions into slacker rock and chillwave influences which stand well in their own, and creates an album full of hummable that evoke the halcyon days of summer vacations and sleepy car trips with your family.



Animaru - Mei Semones - May 2, 2025

Mei Semones' debut LP Animaru hits you like a Long Island Iced Tea: a cocktail of disparate parts, each so sweet and unassuming, that you don't immediately clock just how strong it is. Semones' jazz guitar bonafides, and obvious bossa nova influence head-fakes you from her ability to write formidable rock hooks with bilingual sing-along choruses. Animaru's sound is a holding of hands between Laufey and early Ra Ra Riot, with dashes of Elliott Smith and Norah Jones.

Band's Best Friend

A beginner's guide to Philadelphia Dog Rock

January 10th, 2026. 6:00 PM. Dog Fest.

Philadelphia is rainy and shitty in a way that it hasn't been in months. It's about 40 degrees outside. And yet still, throngs of emo kids braved the cold and wet to make their way to Philly Style Pizza, like a pilgrimage of sorts. By the time I arrive, the small, single-room pizza parlor is already beginning to fill out to an almost uncomfortable degree before doors open. Eighty twenty-somethings pack a room the size of a large garage where the band is pressed against the bay windowed nook at the front of the store. In the back, "Philly Style Mike" serves the signature square cut pizza before sitting off to the side and throwing on a pair of headphones. It's gonna be a sold-out show.

Tonight is the second annual Dog Fest, a micro-festival comprised of and organized by bands who have been labeled, or proclaimed themselves, "Philly Dog Rock" (spelling still up for debate, and will be used interchangeably with Dawg except when specified). What Dog Rock entails, exactly, is still up for debate, or maybe isn't worth debating at all. It exists somewhere on the nebulous spectrum between "scene" and "vibe", and comprises all things musical and aesthetic. Over the past few months, I'd attempted to wrench an answer out of some of the main culprits, over three different coffees and three different conversations.

Matt Guardiola, drummer of armbite and manager of Haunt Dog: *As far as I know, Harrison [Lennertz, armbite's guitarist and vocalist] created it. I'd never heard of it before. His whole bit was like, he wrote like this. Me and Marin [Duff, armbite's bassist] collaborated on it with him, but for the most part, armbite is Harrison's frenetic, crazy writing. And I don't even remember when he first coined the term. It just showed up. One day, he was like, 'yeah, we're dawg rock,' and then it showed up in our bio.*

Harrison Lennertz, armbite guitarist and vocalist: It probably goes back way further than I can recall. Probably some random DIY band in some random city had it in their bio. And they probably spelled it D-O-G. [I wrote] it was when I was making the band instagram. We've never changed our bio. It's just been "philly dawg rock" the whole time. So that's the first time I thought of it, and the last time I thought about changing it.

Sam Goren, drummer of Haunt Dog and Pennydog: I've been arguing with Harrison, Matt, and Marin from armbite, cause they're technically a dog rock band, but the other bands have dog in the title, okay? And they have their album, Dawg Rock Vol. 1, yes. But I've been like, they're not as Dog Rock as the other bands that are playing.

Matt: In my opinion, armbite is exactly what I think of as Dog Rock. That is precisely the combination... Lots of other bands are calling themselves Dog Rock now, that I wouldn't necessarily characterize as having the same sound as us, but you have Dog in your name and you have the Dog Rock spirit. "That Dog in Them", if you will.

The moniker has stuck. Now, "Do/aw/g Rock" has become a bit of a triumvirate surrounding the members of three bands in Philadelphia's emo scene: armbite, Haunt Dog, and Pennydog, all of whom swap rosters like baseball cards being traded back and forth, and who collaborate with each other in a near constant slurry of musical cross-pollination, culminating tonight at Dog Fest.

armbite is the first to go on for the evening. Their music is fast, punchy, and melodic, with brief interstitials of considered calm. Harrison is dressed in dark coveralls, his shaggy orange hair flying as he plays a two-handed instrument with full body thrashing, a tornado ripping at all corners of the stage: on stage, then into the crowd, eventually finding his way back to the mic. Marin, for their part, stood in juxtaposition as a collaborative calm to Harrison's gesticulations, bobbing and weaving with the rhythm, but never endangering life and limb, though continuing to falsely claim in between every song that "This is our first show." Matt ended up shirtless at the drum kit, dripping sweat, very quickly into the set.

Harrison: I try to keep the frenetic energy in the music because I want that to be characteristic for our stuff. There are highs and lows, obviously, but it's like, what it means to me, in writing for armbite, is, you know, a certain erratic nature.

"My friends are in dog bands."

Something that's energetic. But it has slow points, because even a dog's gotta sleep, y'know?

Matt: It feels to me feels like, how I feel when I look at an excitable little medium-size pit-bull sort of thing. It's got power and grit, but it's not trying to hurt you. It just is that way.

The audience, some close friends and common fixtures at Dog Rock shows, and others who seemingly came in completely unaware of what to expect. But before the end of the first set, it was clear nobody was here by accident. Unabated moshing on hardwood floors continued, in a barely ten-by-ten space, inches from someone trying to hold their pizza steady in hand.

Out front, a cohort sits at the door, manning the entrance as a crowd gathers in the entryway, a short distance from being pushed back out into the rain.

"I hate being the person to turn people away. I really do" he tells a group of people who came in from the street without pre-purchased tickets, "But we're completely sold out. We're at capacity."

"Can I go in and order a pizza at least?" one from the group asks.

"I wish- I just let let you in. I'm really sorry," he asserts.

There's no exaggeration. The room is getting difficult to breathe in, let alone eat in. I bought a pizza and am forced to try to finish it in the inches between the doorway and the downpour outside.

As Pennydog takes the stage, after a set by Brooklyn based visitors Fruit Dawg, the members of Haunt Dog and armbite crowd the stage, singing along and throwing themselves around in perfect sync with the music. A level of familiarity and fandom with each other that isn't usually present with just any band who plays together. This is the experience of the night: part concert, part hang. Dog Fest feels less like a music festival, and more like an open-invite slumber party.

Goren: It feels like there is kind of a sound, a little bit. I mean, Harrison's a veterinarian. And I think most of Pennydog has dogs. I think it has to do with, like, the members and their relationships with dogs, and like, their pets and all that.

Matt: All of us are very close friends: armbite, Pennydog, and Haunt Dog are close friends. Sam from Penny Dog and Haunt Dog runs Fortress [booking] with me. We're all tight knit. It just became a thing. We all got Dog names and stuff.

Goren: I mean, my friends are in dog bands, and they're some of my favorite people. It doesn't need to mean a lot. It just means something to us. It means we get to hang out and play music with each other.

Pennydog displays a bit of a self-effacing attitude as they rattle off a lighter, more anthemic approach to the room, with song titles like "PHILADELPHIA SPORTS DAD" and "Wait it's Bradley Cooper", each filled with gang vocal sing-alongs that pull the audience into a karaoke night like frenzy, and at a point, for seemingly no reason, Matt comes in and plays drums while Sam gets up and plays hype man while singing the refrain of "silver lining is all I got," before turning around and miming the drum part to Matt almost like he's conducting and orchestra.

The room has become something between a sauna and a blender, with pits opening, mixing, before coalescing into headbanging nucleus with every chorus. The sound mixer is forced to stand on top of the condiment counter next to the trash can to avoid being thrown to the wolves. Then, like a storm dissipating, the set ends and all the room returns to a more subdued flow of conversation and intermixing.

In the corner, next to the staircase down to the makeshift green room below the pizza restaurant, the members of the bands sit on the floor and crack jokes, or try to recover from sets just played. Sam's sister, Ruby, is there taking photos and fraternizing with the band, trying her best to capture the magic of being in the room with the crowd. Some wave to me, or briefly say hi, but it's clear the comfort they have with each other isn't something you can avail yourself to in one session. This is something built over jam sessions, tour drives, and late night food runs. It's akin to that one friend group in school you always wished you were better friends with because they were so cool, but for some reason or another, you never found the time.

Harrison: It's just like… friends doing shit… [Maybe] there's some band somewhere across the country that calls themselves dog rock. And it's like, we don't know them… It being a moment in time is not like, exclusionary. Or, it's not intended to be.

Maybe this is really the essence of Dog Rock. You could let it descend into r/emo style arguments about what constitutes a genre label ("happy punk, or energetic punk" as Matt describes) or you could treat it like a branding gimmick (which Harrison readily admits it is), but probably the best way to accurately describe it is exactly what it is: hanging out in a pizza parlor, playing their music, while your friends cheer you on, scream-shouting your lyrics back at you in a show of energetic, if somewhat unhinged, support.

"I try to keep the frenetic energy."

As Haunt Dog takes the stage for the finale, that's exactly what happens. The pit opens up once again, as a near never ending tumult matches the band's tight-rope blend of heavy rhythm and melodic, mathy lead guitar fills. The room becomes a blend of a thousand voices that mirror each word of singer Dee's strained vocals. The audience bounces between flailing, shoving, and headbanging. I'm right along with them. My glasses fly off, and someone saves them before they're crushed. Caleb, Pennydog's guitarist, somehow lays a perfectly placed flying elbow to Harrison's nose completely by accident. The whole incident is laughed off. By the end of a three-minute musical excursion, we're all sweat soaked and slightly beat up.

"Haunt Dog will do that to a mf," Harrison texts me when he sees a picture that Ruby takes of me, headbanging so hard my swing off my face mid-snapshot.

Three more songs of a packed in pizza place-turned-battlefield, and finally Haunt Dog calls it a night. More than one attendee wanders out into the cold, soaking night with jelly legs. Others stick around during cleanup to squeeze in a little more conversation, or just a few more moments in shelter. Somehow the floor has held up through another Philly Style show, and not collapsed in on itself under the weight of a mid-twenties mosh.

Harrison: Dog Rock is so nebulous and unreal, at least right now. You might be vastly ahead of your time trying to get on this now.

Matt: Other bands can define themselves as Dog Rock either in genre or in name. We're just having fun here. There's no steadfast definition.

Harrison: Either Dog Rock is going to fade into obscurity within a couple years, or it's going to develop a cult following way after we ever think about it. Those are the two options it has.

Matt: It's not, like, an actual genre. Like, everything I've said is basically bullshit... It would be funny if it became important right now. If anything were to happen with Dog Rock, like, this exact movement becoming mildly important, then like, moving on. Like, I don't think there's anything to be had with the genre of Dog Rock. It's nothing. It's more of a phenomenon than a genre... If people were to look back on it, and be like "wow the Dog Rock movement of Philadelphia in the 2020s." It's like, this is bullshit. Like, this was nothing, guys. But thank you!

In a sense, they're right: Dog Rock has no clear definition, or signifiers, or even uniform spelling. It follows no logic, internal or external. But like a real dog, it doesn't need to. It will leave you exhausted, panting, bruised and sore, and you'll wear a stupid smile on your face anyway. You'll love it. Why overthink it?

"this is bullshit. Like, this was nothing, guys. But thank you!"

In the future, it could just be one more random tag you see on an instagram post from a long abandoned band page; its meaning lost to time, except possibly to the handful of people who were in the room when it was devised. I can't see the future, but I can say pretty definitively, Dog Rock is not bullshit. And the cult following could be a lot closer than they think.

Long Live The Dog.

pepsi
pepsi

Long Live

38
THE TORCH

e The Dog

CLASSIFIEDS

First issue.
We don't really have any classifieds yet.
Would you like to put something in here?
Email Mishap.magazine@gmail.com.
Maybe it gets in.
Maybe it doesn't.

Idk this is a quarterly thing so don't expect it to be timely.

Jolly Christmas
Willows

HERE'S A PICTURE OF ME LAYING DOWN TO GO TO SLEEP AFTER I EXPORT THIS MOTHERFUCKER.

SEE Y'ALL NEXT ISSUE.

BAR(K)
CODE?